The
COMMONWEAL

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Scale of the Future

THE Germans attack in Russia, and it is all very well to read in the papers about congressmen, about victory gardens, about holiday travel and it is all very well to say that the Germans attacked in Russia last year and the year before, and that the Russians held and that we are grateful, but the fact is that the Germans have attcked in Russia, and all we can do is to think of the miles and miles of the Russian front, the German soldiers and the Russian soldiers, the tanks, the guns, on the vast plains in summer and the dust rising—all we can do is to think that there, in Russia, is war on a scale our nation has not yet known.

It does not matter whether the figures are precise or not. What matters is the scale. A thousand tanks destroyed in two days; 13,000 Germans killed in two days—the Russian losses are not given. What matters is that the Germans have attacked in Russia and immediately we are forced to see what happens, what must inevitably happen when the armies opposing the German army are in contact.

We plan to recapture a bridgehead in Europe. Africa was a preliminary to that task. In Africa our victory was over a certain number of Germans, a certain number of Italians, and when our victory was won there were no more Italians, no more Germans in Africa. Contact was broken. The Mediterranean lay between us and the main enemy forces. Now we are planning to approach these forces. When we invade the continent of Europe, when we shall have established a bridgehead in Europe, we will be in contact with these forces. In permanent contact. Our troops—as are now the Russian troops—will then be in unbreakable contact with the Axis forces. There will be no withdrawal save in defeat, no victory save in final victory.

That is why Americans, British, French, Poles, Dutch, look now at the news from Russia—and they go about their task, they do their work—and in that news what they see is the immense scale, the bitterness, the measure of sacrifice and bravery they will be called upon, soon now, to make.

Petrillo at the Piccolo

AS COMPARED with recent performances of John L. Lewis and his miners ("three strikes and out") the labor trouble revolving around the figure of James C. Petrillo can only be classed as light comedy of a musical variety. Nevertheless, there are certain more serious angles involved, not the least of which is the tendency of most editors and commentators to assume that Petrillo's middle name, which is Caesar, constitutes a complete explanation of the problem.

It is perfectly true, of course, that Petrillo runs his union with just as iron-fisted a grip as John L., and his admitted income is almost twice that of the miners' chief. It is also true that he is not half as smart as Lewis and that his handling of the publicity department has frequently hit new lows in the all-time record book. But just as there was a miners' problem quite distinct from the Lewis problem, so in this case there remains a perfectly legitimate musicians' grievance that can be distinguished from the personal foibles and failings of James C. Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians, AFL.

The core of the question was contained rather neatly in one of the few intelligent statements—in fact, one of the few statements—that Petrillo has seen fit to give to the press, namely, "If the iceman had been asked to help make the frigidaire, he wouldn't have done it." Of course, the assumption is that if making frigidaires became attractive enough (financially) to the iceman, and if further, some provision were made for those fellow icemen who would be thrown out of work, then the first iceman might conceivably be persuaded to help manufacture the instrument that is destroying his ancient profession.

The parallel isn't perfect by any means. There will always be considerable demand for live music. But it is quite true that juke box records have

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cut in on the employment of musicians—and radio transcriptions even more so. And here's another angle: musicians in the best bands get a flat rate of $30 apiece per recording and that's all, although the band leader may get a fat royalty on sales, as for example Tommy Dorsey (or was it Jimmy?) who made $250,000 on record royalties last year. And then there's the fact that the copyright law gives no legal equity to the performers of a record, but only to the composer and librettist, so that only the latter get anything from a juke box operator or radio station for every time their record or transcription is played.

What we are trying to say, in short, is that the musicians' problem, like the miners' problem, is not simple, but complicated—not black and white, but extremely mixed and muddy gray. We are glad that the transcription dispute has been appealed to the War Labor Board, because it is much too difficult an issue to be trusted to the elementary intelligence of Jimmy Petrillo, labor czar, or to the inflexible minds of the transcription companies, who know very well that in war time there is no point in being too generous with a labor union. We hope some similar way will be found to arbitrate the record dispute. Personally, we can live quite comfortably without the latest outpouring of the soul of Frank Sinatra, Harry James or "Satchel Mo'" Armstrong. But we recognize the fact that in this remarkable world there are some people who can't. And they too must be considered.

Qualities of Treason

WE ARE happy that the President has seen fit to commute the death sentence imposed on Max Stephan to a sentence of life imprisonment. Stephan is the Detroit restaurant proprietor who gave shelter to an escaped German prisoner of war and helped him along on his dash to freedom. The dash did not succeed. For two reasons we have believed that justice did not properly admit of the death sentence in this case. The first reason is clearly stated by the President. Stephan did not act in accordance with a "plan maturely initiated by him." His crime was therefore more "parallel to murder in the second degree or manslaughter in the first degree." It is of the essence of justice that the magnitude of the offense be taken into account in relation to the punishment meted out. The second reason is not so compelling, but we believe that it merits consideration. Stephan lived and committed his treasonable act in a state which does not impose capital punishment for any crime whatever. He was, of course, tried in the federal courts. Hence, had he been executed, he would have paid more dearly for a crime which the President puts in a secondary category of treason than would one of his fellow citizens for the crime of premeditated and cold-blooded murder. Again justice demands that there be a proper relationship between the various punishments for various crimes. This is not a legalistic argument, but one based on principles which must sway any uncorrupted heart. And finally we are glad that the President had the courage to act as he thought right and without fear of accusations of weakness in the face of an enemy who would certainly never admit either of the principles on which we base the above sentences.

The Broad Approach

SOME MONTHS back there was formed in New York (444 Madison Avenue) the "Help the Children Committee." Its name is as good a description of what it aims to do as any could be. It is precisely interested in helping children, for it believes that children today need help as perhaps they have never needed it, and that consequently the very structure of future society is threatened at its roots. Children in Europe obviously require help. They require immediate, material help. Children in China die for lack of help. And the Committee does not hesitate to talk about how our own American children require help. For evidence of this we need probe no deeper than the actual statistics on juvenile delinquency, or than our own experience with today's generation of high school boys and girls, going through the disquieting and uprooting experiences of war. Total war means total effort. It means that in millions of families all the adults are busy at work. And it means a slackening in family standards for younger members. The Help the Children Committee exists for one purpose only: to focus people's attention on the broadest aspect and meaning of the whole problem of the child in a world at war. It has printed the first draft of an excellent pamphlet stating the problem and telling the ordinary, run-of-the-mill citizen and parent what he can do about it. What he can do in his own home and what he must know about the things which are happening elsewhere to children like his own, and how those things can affect his own. We hope that as a result of the Committee's work the pressing urgency of the matter to which it has dedicated itself will be pushed home to the harassed minds of enough American parents to count in the outcome.

N. B.

A DISPATCH from Montevideo, Uruguay, just reported by CIP, cites a vigorous attack on "the tendency to identify conservative with Catholic and liberal with anti-Catholic" in *Tribuna Catolica,* official organ of Catholic Action, of which Archbishop Barbiere is episcopal director. One excerpt from the *Tribuna* declared: "It is already clear that solidarity with the Right has been too great. They have monopolized the stand-

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ard of religion and confounded it moreover with political ends in essential opposition to the social teaching of the Church and the Christian traditions of defending the rights of the oppressed." This "points to the logical possibility and the logical need for a Christian Leftism in contraposition to the Leftists without God from whom the world has suffered so much."

Nationalists

WITH everything broken down in France, with the whole of Metropolitan France conquered and occupied it seems to almost anyone who is not French that France's reemergence as a nation depends entirely on the successful issue of the war waged by the United Nations against Germany. If we win the war France will be cleared of Germans, France will be able to put customs guards in her ports and along her frontiers, France will be able to exclude or admit travelers, France will be able to do all the things that give the inhabitants of any region of the earth the impression that they constitute a sovereign nation. If we lose the war France will have what relative autonomy the Germans permit. Undoubtedly that is the situation, practically speaking.

That is what de Gaulle felt. In the continuation of the war he saw France's only hope. But that is not all he felt.

That is what Giraud felt. That is why Giraud came to Africa. It was the conviction that the war of the United Nations had to succeed and that Frenchmen had to take, once again, an active part in the war which brought him to Africa. He believed that France must take up again the task of fighting the Germans. But that is not all he believed.

To almost anyone who is not a Frenchman French sovereignty has been inexistent since the fall of France. When we say "France fell" that is what we mean. There are all the French in what was France, there are the prisoners in Germany, there are the French colonials outside of France but since the French Government at the Armistice did not go to the colonies, then the Empire became prisoner also to the Germans. That is in so far as it retained allegiance to the Vichy Government—where it broke away from that Government, where it became Gaullist, it acquired no legal status. There being no French Government in Exile, we have considered French sovereignty to be dormant, we have thought of it as existing in the French people—captive—we have thought of it as something which would be restored by the will of the French people when France was liberated, as a right entirely acceptable to us pertaining to the French people and which they would exert when free to do so.

This has been our view of French sovereignty. It is a natural one and had we not found it for ourselves the Gaullists would have led us to adopt it. They denounced the sovereignty of Vichy. They did not claim to be the legal representatives of France. They did not claim to be the legitimate government of France. Where then could we see French sovereignty unless in the silent imprisoned people of France? And when Giraud came to Africa he too made no claim of legitimacy. So that the texts seemed clear. The French people would choose their government, express their will, when free to do so. Until that day there could be no French Government. American policy was based and still is based on this assumption. It is because of this fundamental assumption that American policy has viewed de Gaulle and Giraud as French volunteers in our war effort and has expected them to see in that war effort the only thing that mattered. Since no question of French sovereignty could arise, since these men were simply volunteers who had joined us because they wanted above all to liberate France and restore French sovereignty, we could treat them as soldiers—of high rank, of course—subject if not to military discipline at least to acquiescence in whatever seemed desirable to Allied leadership.

Perhaps we would have done well to have studied the texts more closely. We would have seen that no matter how precisely these men, de Gaulle and Giraud, disclaimed being a French Government, they were, both of them, convinced that they spoke for France, that they represented France, that in their hands—informally as it were, and temporarily—rested the sovereignty of France. For them French sovereignty had never really lapsed. France had not disappeared. As long as there was a Free French force fighting the enemy, France, for de Gaulle, was in the war. When Giraud was prisoner in Germany he—and therefore France—was still in the war. We thought France was out of the war. These men thought France was in the war. These men think now that if France is in the war, and the Vichy Government is out of the war, then they are the men who speak for France.

That is why it is so difficult for us to speak to them. That is why we are surprised and disappointed when we find that no matter what they say they are acting, in fact, as a government, as a French government. They are in Algiers, in a department of France, on French territory. And no matter how earnestly they desire to drive the Germans out of the rest of France, no matter how great their gratitude to the nations whose power will be the determining factor in achieving that aim, they speak now for a nationalist France jealous of her sovereignty and susceptible. Perhaps, even, they admire Admiral Robert.

C. G. PAULDING.

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The World After

By George N. Shuster

I PROPOSE to take for my text a sentence from Horace Walpole's epistle to Voltaire, written after the two had debated the merits of Shakespeare: "The admirable letter you have been so good as to send me," said Walpole, "is a proof that you are one of those truly great and rare men who know at once how to conquer and to pardon." The remark comes straight out of the heart of the eighteenth century which seems in retrospect, with what legitimacy we shall not attempt to determine, so balanced and wise a time.

Surely as we look forward to the peace which must some day follow the war we are troubled first by what victory ought to mean and second by what it can mean. Shall we know how to conquer? And how to pardon? Obviously human society would not now be in so dire a condition if those who have preceded us in modern history had understood how to do either. It is no mere matter of the treaties which have followed armed conflicts—whether of Versailles, or St. Germain, or Brest-Litovsk. These were in all truth unsuccessful enough. But we must look deeper if we would discover the full import of our heritage of trouble.

The French Revolution was no doubt the threshold of our era. Behind those who made the revolution stood millions, ranging all the way from poets and thinkers to the commonest of the common people, who desired in one way or another to see at last the social realization of ideals long since implicit in Christian civilization. They all believed in the dignity of the human person, they all wanted none of what Charles Péguy called "a charity which is constantly capitulating before princes and rich men, before the might of money." The revolution itself ended in massacre and abomination. And the middle class which eventually emerged from the troubled warfare of the early nineteenth century did quite as badly. It had at its disposal unrivaled instruments of economic and social power—improved means of transportation, industrial technology, widely disseminated and cheap journalism. Not only had it triumphed over the older feudalism, but in its lap there had fallen treasures greater than any of which mankind had dreamed. But the victorious middle class understood neither how to conquer nor to pardon.

Of what use were the shibboleths of the revolution to the great proletarian masses whom every shift in the business cycle plunged into absolute poverty, and whom not even the relatively stable decades of "good times" brought enough to eat and to drink? The old words "liberty, equality and fraternity" literally made millions of men in all lands of Europe see red. Yes, the middle class did not know how to conquer. But it also did not understand the meaning of pardon. It squandered the spiritual and moral patrimony which had after all been conserved by the older feudal ages. Of the things which were sacred and true and beautiful there remained to many of these Philistines virtually nothing at all. The bourgeois often became a rank opportunist. He believed in power and profit only, because these were "natural" and there was nothing above nature. Had he known how to pardon the feudalism against which the revolution had justly rebelled, he might have kept a better philosophy and a better religion.

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When in the end the nazi appeared upon the European stage, what was he but the dramatic impersonation of everything which had been deduced logically from the mistakes and the corruption of the preceding years? The nazi knew how to use all the modern technological instruments cleverly and craftily. His opportunism was unqualified and brutal. The thing that mattered to him was solely and simply the survival of the fittest. Nor was the nazi a German only, though he was primarily a German. You could find him everywhere in Europe. Indeed he sometimes existed without knowing that he existed. He was in Hyde Park and in Vienna. He was the man who believed that suppression was his birthright. He brought the Moors to Spain; he made the trains run on time in Italy; he staged sham trials in Moscow; he sold arms to the Arabs of the Near East; he invaded Manchuria and China.

The day on which Hitler is defeated will of course be the day on which the inevitable and appalling consequences of nazism will be made plain. In your mind's eye you can see what Europe will look like when peace comes. Bombers will have laid waste nearly every ancient and modern city. Somewhere amidst the rubble of Essen and Berlin, of Turin and Naples, of Munich and Vienna, of Warsaw and Budapest, the wheels of industry will still feebly turn. But round about them homes and churches, shops and schools, will have been transformed into gaping, windowless ruins. Countless millions will sit shivering and starving in a squalor not even the cave men knew.

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There will be scarce a place in all the Old World, once dotted with wayside shrines and images of the Madonna, which women will not hesitate to pass because of walls against which the blood of hostages was spattered, because of mass graves, because of some infamy wrought by the Gestapo. Haggard peasant girls will doubtless kneel before the Virgin of Czestahowa or the Notre Dame of Chartres, but from their faces everything will have gone save the stony gaze of incomprehensible resignation, of mourning that is beyond all endurable mourning, of a knowledge of death grown greater than knowledge of life. Will food be found even for the little ones? And who shall speak to the widows and orphans of consolation?

Nor will matters be different in the Orient. Unless all signs are deceptive, years of conflict must pass before China, Japan, the Philippines and other regions can proceed to dig their way out of the ruins of war. The cost will be frightful. It required forty years to bring the Philippines to the position of relative prosperity which characterized the days before Pearl Harbor. It may take longer than that to restore what has been lost. No doubt the cities and hamlets of Japan will lie in ruins. But what will happen to the people of Japan? I do not believe that the majority of the simple folk resident there have any personal responsibility for this conflict, but it will engulf each and every mother's son. And what one knows of the great plains and cities of China is too horrible to contemplate for very long. That—all of that—is what war means, and that—all of that—is why war must not break out again.

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It may be that under such circumstances literati who have dwelt in safe places will still be able to speak of revolution. Perhaps some can talk to you of where the geographical boundaries which sunder nations ought to be. But for my part, I can conceive of there being in the initial years of the peace only indescribable need—need of literally everything of which civilization is compounded. Even in the Americas there will be shortages of many goods. But though in every neighborhood and village we shall mourn in relative poverty the sons and brothers who have fallen on the field of battle, the countries of the New World will be literally Edens compared with the lands across which the tide of conflict has moved. It will be desperate, bitter need of the body and the spirit. An enormous lassitude will fall upon those who survive, and perhaps that lassitude will be the most challenging peril of all. What, we may well ask, may happen if men and women are too tired and broken, too weary and hopeless, to continue the struggle to live?

Under such circumstances liberated mankind as we know it will be torn by two conflicting emotions. On the one hand there will be the legitimate desire to seek out the immediate authors of all this boundless pain. It will be pleasant to place the knife against Hitler's throat, to line a row of filthy Gauleiter beneath the gibbet, to exact the last ounce of justice from the men who bade the German armies move, to shoot the war-lords and barons of Japan. I think that for the sake of righteousness we shall have to exact retribution in that coin of the world's realm. But on the other hand, we shall be equally tormented by the desire to rebuild human society. The orphans, even of the enemy, will twine their fingers in ours. We shall feel to the full the beauty of forgiving and forgetting—sense the thrill of the sportsmanship which is so integral a part of our illustrious tradition. It would be futile to predict which of these emotions will be uppermost in our minds.

But if in those days it shall be given us to have wisdom, we shall remember that the difference between barbarism and civilization is the law. It so happens that I have a great personal regard for Mr. Wendell Willkie. He seems to me to have brought into American political life what has long been needed there—candor and freedom of mind, a liberal spirit in the great tradition of liberalism, and a readiness to weigh the good and evil in men other than those to whom one has been immediately sympathetic. Nevertheless I seem to detect even in Mr. Willkie's recent thinking traces of a very perilous error—the error that strength, initiative and a love for the untried horizon of themselves constitute the greatness of mankind. To me it seems that, whatever may be the impression momentarily given, the happiness and virility of humanity resides in the law. This law is not edict but recognition of the lines of demarcation which have been set for justice. The dignity of man is not primarily a question of the things to which man is entitled but rather of the things to which he cannot descend. Law is the right to a fair trial. It is courtesy. It is not taking indecent advantage of the weak. It is firmness but not hardness. It is liberty but not addiction to riot and upheaval.

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Thus we lost the last peace, but it was certainly not because of the gallant officers who led our armies of occupation. I am sure that General Allen, who commanded our forces in the Rhineland after 1918, was perhaps the major reason why Hitler could never garner many votes in that region. And that was so because under General Allen's leadership the people of the United States were never identified with arbitrary cruelty and perfidious malevolence. He was firm and just. He was for millions of folk who had no direct knowledge of America the incarnation of the supreme American principle, namely belief in those age-old

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conceptions of political righteousness which are enshrined in the Declaration and the Constitution. That principle had been luminously manifest in General Grant at Appomattox and General Lee at Gettysburg.

Yet though it is our principle, it has not always been our practice. Last time our statesmen believed—if their action was any indication of their belief—that the automatic application of economic law would put everything right. They assumed that pumping money into the crumbling reservoirs of European productive enterprise was all we needed to do; and with them we kept on assuming with equal shortsightedness after the breakdown of 1933 that since Hitler no longer had a lien on our check books, he could not possibly succeed. In 1938, after the invasion of Austria, it was still only too completely taken for granted that Germany could not survive the economic storm and would therefore collapse. It was a fatal mistake to have failed in the task of building up a viable system of political law. We suffered both League Covenant and Court of Nations to become mere empty formulae. And as we were mistaken then we shall be mistaken again if we assume that mere possession of military strength will automatically guarantee the peace. It will not, however important such strength may be, any more than economic energy sufficed last time. The only possible foundation for peace in the world is law and respect for the law, is an institutionalized world government based upon the consent of the governed to the integrity and immutability of principle.

Here it is necessary to differentiate between world government and a world state. There is absolutely nothing to indicate that when peace comes national feeling will be dead in the world. Indeed, anyone who reads history will conclude that this feeling is one of the oldest and most permanent emotions. Perhaps there was no nationalism in our sense during the ages of antiquity and of medieval Europe. But what else was Augustine's fondness for Rome than national sentiment, and what else kept the Franks together except a feeling for what was then France? If by world government we mean acceptance of norms of international conduct which conform with the rules already accepted for conduct between individuals we are being realistic. But if we mean a single state to which Frenchmen and Russians, Americans and New Zealanders, Chinese and Arabs, owe their sole allegiance we are being as romantic as were the strange poets who assumed that love would last only if it were not love for somebody in particular.

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World government, therefore, is going to be—if it is to be at all—international legislation by common consent. It is true, of course, that such consent cannot be universal. It must be the will of the majority which decides, and not unanimous agreement. No law on any statute book ever satisfied everybody. I should be inclined to say that even if the vanquished peoples did not accede to the establishment of international legal institutions, these might still be valid and inviolable, if the rest of mankind ruled in the spirit of justice. But every juridical system functions well or poorly in accordance with the amount of benevolent good will upon which it can depend.

Therefore it is much too early to decide upon the form of the constitution which is to determine the complex structure of future world society. All we can do is to agree upon certain preparatory actions and attitudes, carefully designed all of them to make possible the development of political order. Furious debate rages and will continue to rage about those actions and attitudes; and I do not profess to any special wisdom on the subject. It merely seems to me obvious that, confronting a problem so enormously difficult, we need to observe realism and restraint. It is far better to try to do the few things that seem to lie within our power than to attempt to carry the whole staggering load of a bright future on shoulders by no means prepared for the task.

The simple things are, of course, not so simple at all. They are:

(I) To establish military government throughout the reconstruction area. Such government will be necessary not merely in Germany, Italy and Japan, but in most of the countries which have been overrun and despoiled. Let us not fancy that civil rule can be restored over night. Europe in particular will lack the most elementary means of transportation—even horses and wagons. It will be famished and infected with pestilence. Private and public feuds will rock families, communities and regions.

(II) To provide for the extension of lend lease assistance for all the devastated countries. No other kind of financing is possible. What point is there in talking about peace if one is not willing to consider the cost of preventing brigandage and pillage on a scale unknown before?

(III) To establish as quickly as we can a society in which employment will be obtainable. This means, of course, the rapid and orderly organization of reconstruction forces, which may even have to be maintained as semi-military bodies.

(IV) To set up immediately the most intelligent agencies of monetary and credit control it is possible to devise.

(V) To disarm Germany and Japan.

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These are difficult tasks, and there is not a soul alive who can predict that they can be performed speedily or efficiently enough to prevent enormous disaster. I wish there were more talk amongst us of these matters, and less of fatuous proposals to inoculate other peoples with the germs of what is far too flippantly termed "democracy." Democracy rightly understood is a grave and holy thing. It is the political and social association of men and women who have earned through many genera-

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tions the bitterly fought for right to brook no tyrant claiming dominion over either the body or the soul. Democracy is not, decidedly not, something one compresses into verbal pills of sweetness and light, to be administered more or less painlessly to the ideological heathen.

We must remember that even in the countries which we shall eventually defeat in war there are tens of thousands of persons, men, women and children, whose bloody sweat and agony have testified to their allegiance to the democratic faith. In all probability over 150,000 have died fighting nazism in Germany itself. Many of them suffered torture of which the American imagination cannot even conceive. Think of what it means, for instance, that a man should be deliberately trampled to death by the nailed boots of prison guards, and then ask yourself whether another who risks that kind of torment in order to serve the cause of freedom is not your compatriot and mine in the kingdom of the spirit.

But if we can as a victorious people muster the sobriety, the firmness and the intelligent industry to see human society through the dolorous suffering of the post-war years, I believe we can create a century of progress for mankind. And by progress is not meant merely the utilization of technological resources, important though these are. Of course we shall strive earnestly to stamp out ignorance and disease, to raise the standard of living of the submerged masses of men, to build great new industrial and social projects which will spread well-being.

Even so our most important task will be to develop everywhere a desire for international solidarity—a solidarity out of which support for world government can grow. This desire is everywhere present, but it is not what I should like to term organic. It seems to me this deficiency is attributable to the fact that it has been couched in too abstract and formalistic terms. What we must seek to begin with is not a League of Nations which will do all the work for us, but rather naturally given opportunities for collaboration across the boundaries of nations and peoples. If we learn to collaborate with and to respect one another, there will be so many of us that a League of Nations with teeth in it will seem the most natural, most inevitable, thing in the world. And if we do not learn, the League will—in whatever shape it eventually reappears—remain a powerless machine.

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What steps can be taken to insure this organic desire for world government? Perhaps we can answer as follows:

First, the constitution of world society must be subjected to very severe criticism before it is adopted. This criticism must be invited from all the nations and peoples who are expected to underwrite it. There must be a fair hearing for everybody.

Second, no progress can be made unless the stability of the major powers interested can be assumed. Unless, for example, the foreign policy of the United States reacquires its older quality of firmness, the very existence of any international constitution will remain continuously in doubt.

Third, the groups, movements and interests which are subsidiary to the broad declaration of national and international policy must endeavor to establish solidarity.

Let me say just a word on each point. It is clear that the structure of the League of Nations was based upon an idea and a concept of organization having considerable grandeur. But there were flaws which could have been discussed profitably, if the atmosphere surrounding the discussion had been less tense. Had President Wilson been less obstinate and Senator Lodge less obstructionist, a compromise might perhaps have been reached which would have permitted the United States to commit itself to action transcending party cleavages. Today the situation is, perhaps, a little different. There is danger lest an attempt on the part of the major victorious powers to impose a solution on the smaller states may lead these in turn to resent the proposed solution and therefore to band together against it. These smaller states would thereby acquire a definite rôle in the inevitable struggle for the balance of power, and our progress would be hampered from the very outset. Therefore I maintain that whatever may be our individual "plans" for the future, none of these ought to be considered at the present time as being more than a modest contribution to an eventual solution.

Second, the only guarantee of stability is that which the United States can give. Whether or not we can rely upon the promises of Russia is a conundrum about which you may argue if you enjoy doing so; and whether or not we can expect Britain to revise completely its traditional interest in maintaining a favorable balance of power on the European Continent is a question nobody can answer. But there is a fair chance that if the United States can bring itself to insist resolutely on a foreign policy which has for its aim the establishment of an international legislature and an international court to regulate intercourse among the nations, such a legislature and such a court will come into being and slowly acquire a prestige so great that recourse to war rather than to these institutions will be proved a losing game. I do not know whether the United States can do this. Certainly it cannot if we do not start with a few simple principles to which all can assent, and insist instead upon efforts to give away the moon we do not have. No Congress and no President

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will ever see this grim and difficult job through if everybody insists upon building his own pet private ideology into the platform of the future.

Third—and the point is of the utmost importance—the many groups, movements and interests which cannot help being internationally minded must for their own sakes, if for no other reason, set out resolutely to foster international solidarity. The schools, the churches, the labor movements, the professional associations, the scientific bodies, the fraternal organizations, are now all in the same boat. None of them can survive another onslaught of totalitarianism. But it is equally true that unless they wake up and dedicate themselves to realistic activity in behalf of humanity as a whole that onslaught is bound to come. For today what remains of decency, of freedom, of human brotherhood in its most elemental sense, has rallied precariously around such groups. The churches, universities, business and labor organizations of France and Belgium, not to mention Germany and Hungary, Italy and Poland, are rallying grounds. On those grounds we must meet with the rest of men. There we shall find the spirits with whom we can work for the reconstruction of society. There and there alone. The churches in America must seek out and aid the churches of the Old World and of the Orient. Labor must, without sentimentalism or unnecessary class feeling, seek to help labor abroad. Signs are multiplying that beginnings have already been made.

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I conclude that a stable foreign policy in the United States must seek to accord the fullest amount of freedom in the discussion of what international government is to be. Nothing easy, nothing dreamy and romantic, will do here. But no government will succeed even on the basis of the best conceivable policy unless the citizenry, in its various groups, is imbued with unflagging dedication to its own task of international conciliation and collaboration. At this point I shall permit myself to illustrate. It seems to me that the attitude of the Russian Communist Party toward either freedom of assembly or freedom of conscience cannot be condoned on any ground whatsoever. There has been and there is tyranny in Russia. But if Christians in America were to counsel retreat from international solidarity by reason of the fact that the Russian people will have earned on the battlefield the right to share in the peace, they will do nothing less than write the doom of Christianity in Europe. Surely the way to overcome eventually the blight of Bolshevism is not to retreat from the task of helping to shape a new society, but rather to resolve to make that new society so worthy of man's estate and heritage that its glory and beauty will express our deep collective spiritual conviction.

Unless we ourselves in America can unite in the resolve to create such a society, there is not the slightest chance that our victory over totalitarianism will endure. Let us not suppose that by turning on any number of gadgets we can regulate the shape of things to come. It is we ourselves, we with our limited minds and our sometimes half-hearted convictions, who will be mankind. And so there must be profound searching of the heart while there is still time. That we are the "last great hope of earth" is easily said. But it happens, unfortunately, to be true. Neither Europe nor the Far East can recover from the crushing impact of tragedy unless we are determined that they shall recover. What a challenge that is! What a breath-taking, almost numbing responsibility!

As I see the matter, the odds are about even that we shall succeed. No more than even, certainly.

The outlook is no better than this not merely because there remains a strong group of isolationists who may elect a majority in the Senate, or because political and economic divisions are so marked. The reason is primarily that we lack the spirit of dedication which the situation demands. I do not say this in criticism. I mean very simply that we are called upon to discipline ourselves, to do things that go against the grain of human nature, to carry other people's burdens through times which have become difficult even for ourselves. We shall give, and give beyond the point of hurting. There will have to be taken from us much that we have been given. And even then the staggering need will sicken us, there will seem to be no end of it. Disappointments will come, and after them disillusionment. We shall be dealing with very common people in a commonplace world, for many days and years. But if God gives to us the will to do and the strength, we shall come out of the storm knowing that we are a great people—a great democracy in a world made safe for democracy at last.

Father Riggs

I.

LAWRASON RIGGS was my friend. He displayed this, without ostentation, in innumerable acts of true friendship. Once when he heard that I lay ill in Switzerland, he traveled half across Europe to spend two days with me. He came to Rochester to speak in my temple, the first Catholic priest ever to do so. Even when we did not see each other frequently, I was conscious of his friendship. We might meet after a lapse of months or even years and at once resume our comradeship on the basis of complete understanding and mutual affection.

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He helped me to understand Catholicism better than any other priest I have ever known. There are many fine Catholic clerics with whom I have worked in a friendly spirit. But our friendship and cooperation have been on the practical, human level. We understand each other and get along well together because we like each other as human beings and we work together for the common good. But we leave theology alone. Our religious premises, our interpretations of the fundamental meaning of the universe, are too far apart for real understanding. With Lawrason, however, I could talk about religion on the basis of mutual respect between two people of equally sincere convictions. Not that he was less of a Catholic for it. He served devoutly as a priest of the Church. I count as one of the memorable privileges of my life that I attended recently an early morning service in his exquisite church when he celebrated Mass. The congregation was small, but his presence filled the church with pious exaltation.

Obviously, he was a very good Catholic, and he was also in the best sense a man of the world. His rich experience with life, his extensive travels, his broad education and contacts lifted him above parochial limitations. I could talk with him about some subjects which it was impossible to discuss with other Catholics. I met him for the first time on a Southern good-will trip. I joined the trio in Montgomery, Alabama, on my return from a journey to Mexico. I was full of my impressions of the complicated religious situation there. I found to my surprise, I must admit, that he was capable of understanding the complexity of the problem. He did not see it simply as black or white. As the result of his broader understanding, I obtained a deeper insight into the meaning of the Catholic position and claims.

His mind was a mixture of tolerance and intolerance which may have seemed paradoxical but actually was not. He was interested in ideas; he read enormously. He tried to understand the inner meaning of my faith. I remember a long drive in the Berkshires when we talked for hours about Zionism. But his Catholicism made him intolerant of humanism. His classicism made him despise vulgarity. He loathed anti-Semitism and its advocates even in his own Church as barbaric.

This is to say that essentially he was an aristocrat. Born to the purple, he lived up to its highest code. His home in New Haven was that of an esthete, but of an esthete with classical instincts. It was typical of him that he selected the oldest and purest form of Chinese art as his first love in the realm of beauty. In his home full of Chinese treasures and filled with his great faith the most esthetic of men's work and the most esthetic of men's religions lived happily together.

This combination of Catholicism and esthetic-cism produced also one of the loveliest churches in the world. For years he told me of his cherished dream to build for the Yale students a church that would combine the best in modern design, colors and materials with the classic austerity of his own faith. I know nothing of architecture but I do know that this church which Lawrason Riggs built almost with his own hands, and for which he laboriously and lovingly gathered materials from the old world, glowed with such a warmth that I, a non-Catholic, felt at home and exalted in it.

He seemed depressed when I saw him last. Now I know that failing health was partly responsible, but some thought that it was also the perversity of human nature. For this church which was built for God and Yale was not well attended even though God's presence filled it. Most of the students, I was told, preferred to attend a large town church which was filled also with girls.

Perhaps this was due as well to the style of his preaching. His speaking as his writing was on an intellectual level from which he would not and could not descend. He was no popularizer, as his writings amply testify. Even with the luminous Maid of Orleans, whose appeal is almost irresistible, he would not compromise. I read in manuscript his forthcoming book on Saint Joan. I found it closely reasoned, erudite and wise, but hardly light reading. Again, I believe it was the aristocrat in him that would not stoop to commonness.

I sensed this quality also in his reaction to grief. I was by his side when the news came that his brother had been killed in Puerto Rico. I cannot quite find words to describe how he reacted to this, the loss of his last near relative. His innate dignity and faith conquered and sublimated his grief.

This did not, however, preclude a sense of humor. We laughed a great deal in our interfaith trialogues, if for no other reason because of the staleness of our jokes. After a time, we laughed simply at the absurd thought that new audiences were still laughing at these old chestnuts. But his humor was a catharsis and it did more to dispel prejudice against Catholics in Southern towns than the most logical of arguments.

Against the notion that Catholics were seeking political control in the United States, he would tell how in 1928 some people believed that the Pope was preparing to come to America to sit in the White House the moment that Al Smith would be elected. But the day after the election, a one-word cablegram went to Rome—"Unpack. Al." It was interesting for me to watch the faces as this cultured Catholic priest told the story to people many of whom had never seen a priest face to face. They laughed, and some of them laughed reluctantly and a bit shamefacedly.

Although it was our recognized principle not to

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water down religious differences, although Father Riggs was uncompromising in his belief in the truth of Catholicism, he also disliked the arrogance of religionists who could not see truth in other religions and would not work on an equal basis with their adherents. Against those who would arrogate to themselves the final authority, he would tell the story of two chaplains who had served together on the battle fields of France in the First World War. When the war ended, the Protestant chaplain held out his hand to his Catholic colleague and said, "Good-bye. It has been grand to serve with you." "Yes," replied the Catholic. "We have both served the Lord—you in your way, I in His." Even the most liberal of Protestants were surprised and delighted at this Catholic's capacity for self-criticism.

★

Because I have lost Lawrason Riggs my life is emptier; but because I knew him, it is richer. My faith is stronger because I caught a glimpse of his. I shall always cherish memories of his fine and gracious presence. I shall forever be grateful for his friendship, reserved but deep.

The rabbis were wont to say of the pious, the learned, the faithful who had been summoned to the Academy on High, "Zecher Tzaddik Livrocho." That is my final tribute to Lawrason Riggs, "The memory of the righteous is a blessing." PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN.

II.

FATHER RIGGS lived in a small "American Gothic" house—Grant Wood style—painted light brown. Pointed Gothic windows for the abode of an ecclesiastic seemed more appropriate than for most people, and a border of crocus or daffodils round the house cheered the approach from the main street. A white flowering magnolia on his little sweep of grounds "was Father's pride," Silk told me when I visited the dear familiar hospitable house a week after his death. Silk was his faithful English butler for 23 years, correct in striped trousers——silver-haired now—but mellowed by time from the English mask into a man of feeling, and even humor, in tune with his master's.

Lively discussions in the kitchen, between Silk and old Irish Mary of forty years in the Riggs family, took place in the early days, Silk's chief bone of contention being the Pope. Perhaps he has changed now.

Father Riggs took to fishing for a pastime and got all the required paraphernalia. Returning from a first fishing trip, he was met at the door by Silk, who removed with a flourish the rods, reels, and tackle, then turned and asked "and the fish, sir?" Father felt mortified to confess that there were none.

Inside the house the atmosphere was that of a man of means, culture and travel. His study was reminiscent in miniature of "Aunt Janie Rigg's" large library in her spacious, old fashioned mansion in Washington.

His books showed the range of his tastes. Among them were "The Ante-Nicene Fathers," Henry Adams's "History of the United States," Holbein's "Portraits of the Court of Henry VIII," and a hundred years of volumes of Punch. A silver crucifix and a carved Virgin and Child against old red hangings redeemed the loss of his religious books, which had been transferred to "More House" adjoining his new chapel. But in his bedroom was a complete collection of Jeanne d'Arc literature, which Silk said Father had ordered not to be "touched or dusted" for the past couple of years. He was working on his Jeanne d'Arc book. A carved statue of her, a seated one of Saint Thomas Aquinas, a print of Saint Thomas More, photographs of his father and mother completed the objects in his room. Outside the door an ever-lighted lamp burned before the image of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. A Greek text, "Not on Bread alone doth Man live," caught one's eye, carved on his dining room mantlepiece. But it was in his Oriental room that Father Riggs lay in state after his death—in violet vestments, with a crucifix in his hands, calm and beautiful as the Buddha near him, with his dark eye-brows and serene smile. In this room there was no vestige of Christian art, and yet his presence filled it and the white Kuan-yins with an unforgettable sanctity.

Intimates of Father Riggs will remember his deep cadenced voice, deliberate, reflective, that of a scholar. It was the only voice that reminded one of Henry Adams. And like him too, he was small, and he had deep dark eyes, with mystery and wonder in them. He was musical, and had a passion inherited from his father to restore the old Gregorian chant to the liturgy of the Church. He read us the correspondence between his father and Cardinal Gibbons on the subject, the Cardinal contending that he had always enjoyed orchestral music in church, and Mr. Riggs holding out to the end for the dignity and appropriateness of the old chant. Lawrason lived to carry out his father's wishes, also to embellish the Church further with beautiful vestments, frontals and dossals—often with an oriental touch or combination of colors.

His first parish was the small, poor, Italian parish of Foxon, outside New Haven, with a tiny "match-box" of a church. Perhaps the Bishop thought that contact with the very poor would be a useful experience for the young patrician priest. Father Riggs set himself to adorn the church both with art and liturgical music, and inspired his youthful friends to help, giving Tom LaFarge his first commission to paint the altar-piece. The Italian parishioners had brought back from Naples

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a chromo representing "Our Lady of the Rosary of Pompeii." This became their first altar-piece and supplied the name of their church. Father Riggs enjoined Tom to keep close enough to the chromo for his people to recognize it. Tom's youthful exuberance was hard to restrain, he created a living work of art, radiant with joy, a classic but also a daring innovation—and then sailed for Europe. By the time he returned, Lawrason was ready to recognize and take pride in the budding talent of his young friend.

In the Foxon church marriages and baptisms of his friends' children took place. Preparations for Holy Thursday were unique. The improvised altar for the flowered repository shines in one's memory, with its old peach-colored Italian brocade, gold wreaths, white lilies and yellow daffodils. The procession, the pale primrose brocade canopy carried over the Host, the chant, and Father himself in the midst of it all made Holy Week at Foxon a revelation of what ceremonial could be.

In secular activities Father's great talent lay in putting on plays in the colleges, especially Shakespeare in his own Calhoun College, training the students to act and to appreciate the beauty of the lines. His dramatic sense dated from his early collaboration with Cole Porter and the Yale Dramatic Association of which he was president, and this sense undoubtedly flowered into his priestly enacting of the liturgy. He directed the costume design and every detail of these plays, and at the end of a performance would be clamored for, haggard and disheveled, but happy in the band of students. Sometimes in lighter mood he would sit at the piano surrounded by the boys, and sing the well-known chorus he had written in undergraduate days for a musical show. This was a long way from the seriousness of the times that lay ahead, but Father strode along superbly, abreast of the times.

Men of varying beliefs or none, even college "reds" came to his table. As host he would be winning, courtly and sympathetic. In mixed social gatherings he could be silent and inscrutable, but with friends whose point of view he felt sure of, he would warm up and talk ardently and unreservedly. In the last year of his life a group of young men in the Yale Society of Scroll and Keys presented him with a silver bowl in spontaneous testimony of their devotion.

The culmination of his life and realization of his dreams was the building of the Chapel of Saint Thomas More, and the adjoining Library and Reading room of "More House" for Yale Catholic students and others to discover or pursue the spiritual and intellectual treasure-house of the Church, unfamiliar to the average American.

Father Riggs was a Yale man, he loved Yale, he wanted to give it the best he had in him, and more besides, that he felt was lacking in the education of modern youth. He felt that this lack has led the world to the brink of disaster, as he expressed in a late radio address called the "Dilemma of Higher Education," an eloquent last appeal to his university, to the world.

The Yale faculty respected him, many of them loved him, whether they understood him or not. They came to the beautiful ceremony of the dedication of his chapel. Bishop McAuliffe and attendant clergy blessed the exterior walls, then the interior walls—the choir of the Liturgical Arts Society came from New York to sing the chant. It may have seemed long and incomprehensible to many of the faculty. They came again for the service of his burial, and heard a strong appeal quoted from his radio address about the dire consequences of materialistic education, even from the best intentioned. Perhaps it was the chaos of the times, or his death, that seemed to move them more than at the dedication.

The mutual affection between him and the university made a bridge that can hardly be filled. He was "God's gentleman," "a priestly prince, and a princely prophet," as Father Middletown described him.

One thing we have to look forward to, his Jeanne d'Arc, about to appear, called "Saving Angel." We shall find in it her words that Lawrason sent us at Christmas. "In God's name the soldiers will fight and God will give the Victory."

MABEL LAFARGE.

Communications

DETROIT

Chicago, Ills.

TO the Editors: The editorial "Detroit" in the issue for July 2, 1943, is the most fair, unbiased analysis of the American Negro-white situation that I have ever read. The reason cited for the Negro-white tension in Detroit seems applicable to almost any American community; namely "racial competition for jobs" which in many cases is intensified by an absolute refusal of a man because he is a Negro. I was particularly grateful to see, in this article, *the recognition of what the American Negro really wants;* i.e., the right "to work and live and study and worship *on equal terms* with his fellow citizens." That is a truth which is seldom seen and much less often felt by American whites. The American Negro wants *nothing more* than *equal rights.* Such tragic occurrences as the Detroit episode would finally disappear if more effort were expended by whites and Negroes to overcome prejudice through intelligent understanding and appreciation of each other. THE COMMONWEAL is to be highly commended for its positive contribution toward the breakdown of prejudice by its intelligent, tolerant, just, and understanding attitude toward all nationalities. One can only regret that it is not more widely read.

LOUISE ANN MURRAY.

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Detroit, Mich.

TO the Editors: If you know as much about everything you publish as you do about what happened in Detroit I am glod that my subscription was cancelled a week earlier.

I am not blaming you at all for not having the information. It seems to be a safety measure to suppress the facts. I do blame anyone for writing on a subject he knows nothing about.

ELIZABETH PARKS.

We have asked Miss Parks for the facts.—THE EDITORS.

BOUQUET

St. Paul *Dispatch,*
St. Paul, Minn.

TO the Editors: The two letters coupled as "Conscientious Objectors" in your Communications department of June 18 have sparked a long entertained intention of contributing to the same column. Perhaps neither of those letters' writers would particularly value the viewpoint of a non-Catholic in appraising your policy, but since, even within the limited scope of my personal knowledge, THE COMMONWEAL'S non-Catholic public is increasing at an interesting rate, this viewpoint may be worth setting down.

Although ours is a secular daily, and most of us are not Catholics, my editorial-writing colleagues and I find in THE COMMONWEAL (one of our prized exchanges) many provocative ideas, presented with consistent independence and dignity.

Your editors are obviously fully committed to a search for the real truth, whether political, social or esthetic; what is more, they have the courage to speak up, even when the utterance fails to fit into any stencil-pattern of predetermined partisanship.

This attitude is no less flattering to the reader's intelligence than to the integrity of the writers, and it is daily gaining attention not only for the magazine, but for the Church under whose aegis it flourishes. Again and again I hear thoughtful persons comment with honest admiration upon the fact that your editors and contributors do not hesitate to criticize faults in Catholic institutions, procedures or works of art, literary and otherwise. Certainly such a course inspires confidence and exerts influence in a degree never attained by publications whose program commits them to fulsome, uncritical approval of everything to which the adjective "Catholic" is appended.

After all, virtually every American, at least every urban American, is in a position to observe for himself the character and behavior of his Catholic neighbors, and will discount as spurious chauvinism the conclusions of any writer who seeks to pose these neighbors as exponents of total virtue, just as he would reject the effort if it were applied in reverse by anti-Catholic bigots. That the editors of THE COMMONWEAL are loyal to the Catholic faith goes without saying; that they recognize no incompatibility between this allegiance and the obligation to be unbiased analysts of the human scene is creditable not only to them, but, in naturally greater measure, to their Church itself as well.

FRANCES BOARDMAN.

The Stage & Screen

The Vagabond King

RUSSELL JANNEY'S revival of the "Vagabond King" following closely the reappearance of the "Student Prince" inevitably calls for comparative judgment. The "Vagabond King" in the first place is too long. The curtain scheduled to rise at 8:15 was actually drawn about 8:25, and yet the final scene did not end until 11:30 notwithstanding the elimination of one-half of the last part as billed. The ballet dancing is wooden. Apart from a number called Waltz Hugette, which succeeds in small degree because of excellent costuming, it received an ice-cold reception. The rabble was so obviously stage hands that the illusion of tavern and court life in the time of François Villon, indispensable if complete enjoyment of the music is to be had, is never quite developed. When John Brownlee as Villon and Frances McCann as Katherine de Vaucelles have the stage to themselves for a few moments, in which to build up atmosphere for the tender, lovely and romantic song "Only a Rose," you get what you go to the "Vagabond King" to enjoy: a haunting, nostalgic evocation of the dream of love. These moments are, however, all too rare. Will H. Philbrick has the comic part of Guy Tabarie, and although he provokes no hearty laughter, I thought he deserved a special round of applause for his imposition of restraints on the effeminate type of "humor" supplied by Curtis Cooksey as Oliver Le Dain. The production is lavish enough but, in brief, it is uninspired. The "Vagabond King" of 1943 has excellent leading material but is imperfect in execution and final form. If you saw it years ago this version will disappoint you. *(At the Shubert.)*

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

Nothing Gaudy Nothing Gained

THE THING that is most fun about *"Best Foot Forward"* is its fresh exuberance. Without having any relation to reality, it is like an old-time musical comedy, full of laughs, nonsense, gay tunes, and bright, enthusiastic young people. The only strictly Hollywood touch is its technicolor, and even this is put on with a light brush in keeping with the film's holiday mood. To Winsocki Military Institute (which is really like no military school on earth) comes Lucille Ball (played by herself and untruthfully described as "a certain middle-aged actress") whose contract with her Hollywood studio is not being renewed because she is a passé bathing suit girl in an era of sarongs and sweaters. Her publicity agent (William Gaxton is not entirely at ease in a movie devoid of shady *double entendre* cracks) thinks that what Lucille needs is some headlines and photos indicating that she is the favorite of these high school youngsters. She accepts an invitation to the prom from one of the seniors (played with naïve charm by Tommy Dix), but doesn't become "the belle of the brawl" until a jealous miss (Virginia Weidler) leads

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the onslaught of souvenir hunters who tear Lucille's dress right off her well shaped body. Director Edward Buzzell has staged this nonsense in a light hearted manner and without even the suggestion of a dirty joke. The film is based on the musical comedy put on by George Abbott a few years back and has several of the girls and boys from the original show. Too many of the cadets act as if Henry Aldrich were their model, and occasionally the plot slows up for moments of dull exposition, but on the whole the movie has good entertainment values. Harry James, who is supposed to be "out of this world," leads his band, plays a hot trumpet and even dances in one nicely timed sequence in a manner that met the fullest approval of the many juniors in the audience. The music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane are light and pleasant, and one number, "Buckle Down, Winsocki" will stay with you for a long time. Don't put "Best Foot Forward" on your list of items for mental improvement, but keep it in mind for an hour's relaxation.

"Mr. Lucky" is what is known as a vehicle picture. If it weren't for Cary Grant's persuasive personality the whole thing would melt away to nothing at all. Its story is preposterous. The leading character is a rogue, a draft dodger, an unscrupulous gambler. He carefully specifies that he is a gambler, not a gangster; but his methods tend toward the latter classification. In any case, Joe the Greek had to fight his way up as he crawled out of the gutter and he's not going to get into Uncle Sam's battles. So he takes a dead man's name and 4F card. In trying to get some easy money for his gambling ship, Joe gets tangled up with a women's organization called War Relief, Incorporated. When Joe uses his gambling tricks to help these fluttering females, they think he's wonderful. Of course Grant's handsome face and carefree manner go far to persuade the gals. Even Laraine Day, stand-offish at first, succumbs. Joe's conversion, brought about when a priest in a Greek Catholic Church reads a letter from the mother of the man whose name Joe stole, is not too convincing but it is quite touching. Joe finally sees things straight, joins the Merchant Marines, gets the rich girl. H. C. Potter has directed all this with an understanding of cinema. Even though you don't believe the events as you see them, most of the incidents prove entertaining, especially those that show Joe in action with the War Relief ladies. As I said, "Mr. Lucky" depends on Grant's ability to hold you. Perhaps this is just wherein the picture is dangerous; the first thing you know, you like this loose-moraled chiseler because of the way he tilts his hat or kids you so delightfully before he cheats you. Films frequently get mixed up in their ethics; it is difficult to decide what this one is trying to sell us—gamblers, draft dodgers, converted gangsters, or Mr. Grant. Maybe only Mr. Grant, but it chooses a strange way to do it.

"Background to Danger" is a chase thriller with the present world conflict woven into its story. Raoul Walsh directed from the script which W. R. Burnett wrote from Eric Ambler's novel. But like the last movie made from an Ambler story (the Orson Welles production of "Journey into Fear") the finished result is rather confused—exciting in many individual scenes, but it adds up to a

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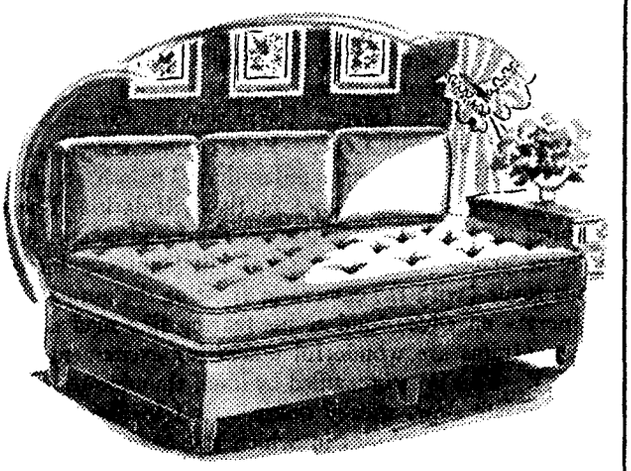

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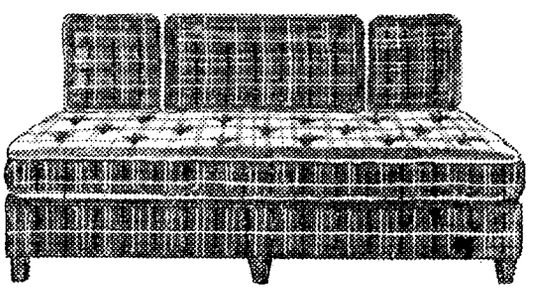

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weak, unimpressive total. Its thesis is that Berlin wants to strike Russia through Turkey; so the nazis try to create an incident by getting an Istanbul newspaper to publish some faked photostats of the Russian plan to invade Turkey. All this involves an assortment of nationalities: an American secret agent (George Raft), a set of Russians (led by Peter Lorre), a set of plug-ugly nazis (led by Sydney Greenstreet whose smooth, sinister performance lends a new prestige to the art of villainy) and miscellaneous Turks. Lorre chases Raft. Greenstreet chases Raft. Raft chases Lorre. Lorre chases Greenstreet. Greenstreet's boys kill Lorre. Raft catches Greenstreet. This takes place in strange, unfamiliar Turkish settings. There is some swell suspense in the half-dark. There are brutal third degrees. There are shots and escapes and fist fights and wild rides in autos on dangerous mountainous roads (with the camera in front of the auto to set your nerves on edge), and trains tearing like mad across Turkey (trains are wonderful places for excitement and intrigue). This is accompanied by loud, thunderous music or appropriate slow, sneaky music. And in between the thrills are long interludes in which the nazis talk about nazis who do not relish failure, and about Russians who have the annoying habit of continuing to fight and of Americans who are a rapidly disappearing race. When it's all over, the symbolism and theme disappear and one remembers only Greenstreet's face and a series of chases.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

WESTERN STAR. *Stephen Vincent Benét. Farrar.* $2.00.

THE SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE. *Edgar M. Queeny. Scribner.* $2.00.

Another Star of Wonder

PERHAPS Bernard DeVoto was too generous in his *Times* review of the late Stephen Vincent Benét's "Western Star." We did not feel that "the quality of greatness" was quite so "abundantly established." But don't misunderstand. We liked it very much. Mr. Benét—the one who wrote "John Brown's Body" and "The Devil and Daniel Webster"—was a man who had the faculty of combining in a single poem clarity, distinction and virility. Which is no mean trick in this age of poets who are sometimes clear and sometimes distinguished and sometimes virile, but never all three at once. It is really too bad that he died.

"Western Star" is the first, and last, of what was projected in the poet's mind as a series of long narrative poems on the American pioneers in their long, heartbreaking pursuit of "the western star." Specifically, it is the story of the men, women and children who left England in the first years of the seventeenth century to settle Jamestown, Virginia, and Plymouth, Massachusetts.

It is a moving and dramatic story, well told, and peopled with interesting, believable characters, some historic and some mostly fictional. Personally, however, we felt that if Benét had concentrated on either Jamestown or Plymouth, he might have wrung more emotional power from his epic. As is, it strikes us that the material is spread a little too thin to be completely effective.

When you review a poem it is customary, and very convenient, to quote. We pick one passage because it deals with the most amazing incident in the book—the Indians saving the lives of their starving enemies at Jamestown with gifts of corn—and the other because it amused us. Probably this is because we have no confidence in picking one for purely poetic qualities.

> And yet before it happens, and the great
> Passionate drum of wrong begins to sound,
> Ere the dead lie upon the bloody ground
> And the chief's sons lie drunken in the street,
> Let us remember how this happened, too,
> And how the food was given, not in hate,
> Liking or dazzled wonder, but, it seems,
> As if compelled by something past all plans,
> Some old, barbaric courtesy of man's,
> Wild as his heart, red as his hunter's dreams,
> —And for no cause the white men ever knew.

With what peculiar gratitude we repaid that courtesy. The other passage is from the introduction and concerns visiting lecturers who make a good thing of "explaining the barbarians to themselves."

> Sometimes to waken, in the narrow berth
> When the green curtains swayed like giant leaves
> In the dry, prairie-dust,
> Wake, with an aching head, and taste the dust,
> The floury wheat-dust, smelling of the sheaves,
> And wonder, for a second of dismay,
> If there was something that one might have missed,
> Between the chicken salad and the train,
> Between the ladies' luncheon and the station,
> Something that might explain one's explanation. . . .

For the visiting lecturers at least, not to mention the domestic lecturers, "Western Star" should be required reading.

A Manager Speaks

THE AUTHOR of "The Spirit of Enterprise" rightly believes that the men who bear the burden of trying to keep the wheels of American industry going should have some say on postwar plans for America and the world. He is Edgar M. Queeny, Chairman of the Board of the highly successful Monsanto Chemical Company, a position which often indicates long years of service. So practical a man might be expected to offer, if not a complete, constructive program, at least a number of hopefully positive ideas.

He starts out calmly enough, trying to be fair to all concerned, but his heart overflows and soon he is pouring out his long list of grievances against the ten-year-old New Deal. We should be prepared for this, for right at the start he quotes Adam Smith with approval to the effect that "man's self-interest is God's Providence." He looks upon business as an adventure, apparently without considering much that in their rivalries businessmen are dealing in human pawns. Compared with many other eras in history he feels that America has little concentration of wealth and power. And in spite of everything, Mr. Queeny persists in believing that there really was a corner we had reached in '32 around which prosperity was lurking. Then the New Deal came along and had to spoil it all.

Two things particularly arouse Mr. Queeny's ire. One is the alleged influence of Thorsten Veblen in the inner councils at Washington—and he, a man who never succeeded in having a job that paid more than $600 a year until he was 46. To think that his ideas should still have such influence! The other is the whole con-

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ception of nationwide social security. To this the author says, without want "we would be like a nation of contented cows grazing peacefully in an ever-green meadow." And he goes on to protest that curbing the freedom to seek happiness through the pursuit of wealth would choke freedom of both mind and spirit.

When he is convincing Mr. Queeny expatiates at long and pained length on the deadening effects of government bureaucracy. He calls for building up the backward nations industrially as a means of securing prosperity all round. He is not even opposed to having a genuinely local labor representative and a representative of the public on corporation boards of directors. But all in all, this little book may one day serve as a document of the nineteenth-centuryism still flickering in the 1940's. Not that businessmen haven't a thousand legitimate reasons for being fed up with a lot of things in Washington under the present dispensation. Not that the New Deal has found an answer to the crisis of capitalism. What is lacking in this book is any kind of a solution. The old slogan of new gadgets produced under highly competitive conditions sounds like that "corner" we used to hear so much about.

More Books of the Week

The Survival of Western Culture. Ralph Tyler Flewelling. Harper. $3.00.

THE TWO WORDS which occur most frequently in this book—or seem to—are "democracy" and "absolutes" or "absolutism." Professor Flewelling seems to see the emergence of "democracy" as the heart of the historical process and the key by which to test the various philosophies and world-religions through the ages, and, synchronously, man shaking himself loose from all "absolutes" as the process of his "thinking." In both, he envisions the hope for survival of the culture of the West. He thinks "Christianity" on the whole "stands best fitted for a cosmic rôle"—presumably the "religion of the future." But it is a "Christianity" as a sort of syncretism of diverse elements, Jewish, Greek, Roman and Gothic, not a "revealed" religion in the accepted sense of that word, much less a religion founded by a divine Personality. Its Founder's "mind," it is true, he thinks, was "cosmic in its outlook." He was "able to see past the narrowness of nationalistic, racial or ecclesiastical pretensions to include all men of good will"; he laid down "as the requisites of religion no standards of belief, except in the saving grace of righteousness, love for and devotion to God as the Father of all men, implicit obedience to and love for the Higher Will." "He sought to welcome to his discipleship without further test, all men of good will and righteousness without respect to theological opinions" and until the day comes "when the soundness of this position will be recognized and will become the platform of all true lovers of religion. . . . Christianity cannot be truly said to have been tried." There is no room in such a "religion," needless to say, for a church, or indeed, any institutional form, nor for any "dogma" or "creed." It is in this "Christianity" that Professor Flewilling sees the only hope of averting the "decline of the West."

The Professor's metaphysics is not the easiest thing to isolate and define. There is a bow toward Anaxagoras as the discoverer of "mind" and therefore of "personality"; another toward Heraclitus as a pioneer in the destruction of "absolutism" which has so far saved the West; a rejection of Plato as an "aristocrat"—anti-democrat, and "absolutist"; and a welcome for Aristotle as a scientist, "individualist" and "democrat," whose philosophy finally broke through its perversions at the hands of Saint Albert and Saint Thomas in their attempt to wrest it to the support of ecclesiastical authoritarianism, and thus freed the way for the Protestant Reformation. That Reformation would have been all right if it had not replaced one set of "absolutes" and authorities by another, instead of retiring at once upon a pure subjectivism—but still a "Christian" one, and one "personalist," not "individualist." And unless this reviewer is mistaken, the Professor finds no difficulty in the concept of an "evolving" Deity, *à la* the late Doctor Alexander.

Nothing in the foregoing is to be understood as belittling the Professor's performance in this book. It is honest in purpose, obviously sincere, has many acute observations and sound judgments on the confusion in the thinking of the times, and as such is a valuable piece of evidence as to what some people, perhaps many, are thinking in these days of crisis. There is, however, no sure indication in it that the author in his dogmatic rejection of all 'absolutes" has taken into account the supreme importance of *analogy* in all metaphysics, or the essential difference between "mystery" and "magic." Both are of vital relevance to the matter of that "dogma." To the Catholic the "hope" that he holds out for survival of Western Culture has, naturally, no appeal whatever. Nor is there anything new in Professor Flewelling's arguments for the entertainment of that hope.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

The Free Negro in North Carolina, 1790-1860. *John Hope Franklin. North Carolina.* $4.00.

THERE were 5,041 free colored people in North Carolina in 1790, and the number grew to 30,463 in 1860. They were 1.27 per cent of the population in 1790 and 3.07 per cent of the population of 1860. Negroes had been set free by humane individuals and by the General Assembly in various and contradictory pieces of legislation.

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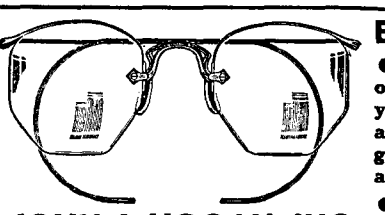

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The freedom granted in North Carolina was reputedly broader than that given in South Carolina and in Virginia. Perhaps the best approach to this difference in attitude is the fact that the white people of North Carolina were themselves not too rich and the land of the state did not yield to plantation development. Unlike the free Negro in Maryland and Virginia who lived in Baltimore and Richmond, the free Negro of North Carolina lived in the rural sections, increasing the degree of his isolation, cultural lag and political impotence.

Mr. Franklin has done an admirable piece of work in his study, and goes deeper into the social and economic factors dragging the free Negro down than many older scholars. He has paid proper attention to the part played by the Quakers of North Carolina. In 1827 the Supreme Court of North Carolina ruled that Quakers could not hold slaves. Said Chief Justice Taylor:

> When Quakers hold slaves, nothing but the name is wanting to render it at once a complete emancipation; the trustees are but nominally the owners, and it is merely colorable to talk of future emancipation by law. . . .

In the year 1943 it is high time that zealousness for the freedom of man should vitalize the Quakers anew; and the Protestants of other denominations and Catholics as well. For, in 1826, the Manumission Society (organized in 1816) had "twenty-three branches, with more than a thousand members in Guilford, Chatham, Orange, Davidson, Randolph and Forsyth counties. Female manumission societies were organized in 1825, five of which were in existence in 1827. It had about forty branches before its decline in the early part of the next decade."

This book gives a fairly complete picture of the plight of the North Carolina free people of color. But nothing can be more inspiring than the constitution of the Manumission Society which read:

> The human race however varied in Color are Justly entitled to Freedom, and that it is the duty of Nations as well as Individuals, enjoying the blessings of freedom to remove this dishonor of Christian character from among them—But more especially in the United States where the principles of freedom are so highly professed.

What better could be said today in this our period of world expansion than that we commit to memory that one clause: *"But more especially in these United States where the principles of freedom are so highly professed."*

GEORGE STREATOR.

At Long Last. The Reverend Robert Anderson Jardine. Murray & Gee. $2.50.

MR. JARDINE was that Church of England vicar who, on June 3, 1937, solemnized the marriage of the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Warfield at the Chateau de Cande, Monts. At long last, he has recounted his singular experience in a little book which is, obviously, that of a good man, honest and sincere, but marred by a certain awkwardness and naïveté, and also by one or two Hearstian or Hollywood devices, the short, staccato paragraphs, the abuse of caps, italics and exclamation points in general. In other words, Mr. Jardine's book is not of the first importance; but one or two points made therein were, and are, very important, as Mr. Belloc, in his learned paper on the present position of the British King (once printed, I believe, in *America*) has well shown.

Even if space permitted, it is not our business to reconsider here the extremely tortuous and bitter business of King Edward's abdication. That has been done once for all by the distinguished Catholic novelist, Compton Mackenzie, in his "Windsor Tapestry," and again by Mr. Hector Bolitho in a semi-official biography of Edward VIII. It should be added, however, that if Mr. Mackenzie did his job in the spirit of a modern Jacobite, Mr. Bolitho did his in the base spirit of Osric in Hamlet, or the steward in King Lear; that is, he began his book in the tone of a courtier, and ended it (after the abdication) in that of Lickbreech in Rabelais. Here it suffices to remind that the then British Premier, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, notified King Edward in the winter of '36 that the American lady he proposed to marry would be unacceptable as Queen. The King then told Mr. Baldwin that he intended to marry, and was prepared to abdicate rather than cause an unconstitutional situation. In the interim, he again visited the Welsh mining district, and was so overcome by pity and horror at what he saw there that he made a last attempt on Mr. Baldwin in order at once to satisfy his honor but (thanks to Mr. Baldwin and to the latter's complete satisfaction) things had by then gone too far. Accordingly, the King abdicated, and on the night of December 11, 1936, he broadcasted his farewell to the Empire and his people. Mr. Mackenzie has stated, and Mr. Jardine repeated, that a group of Hollywood actors were then making a picture on location, but stopped to listen to the King's goodbye. "We were a bunch of tough American actors," said one of them to the clergyman, "but I'm not ashamed to tell you that we were moved to tears. We felt we were part of England, and we were proud of her King."

On the following Sunday morning, *Ecclesia Anglicana locuta est;* the Church of England lifted her authoritative voice. "Events have shown the soundness of the English temperament; its aversion from evil things." (Dr. Partridge, Bishop of Portsmouth.) "The King, inspired by an unlawful passion, renounced the greatest Throne in the world." (Dr. Headlam, Bishop of Gloucester.) "During the past ten days we have seen strange things." (Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of Canterbury.) Very strange, your Grace! Such things as Mr. Baldwin's slick gyrations and a Primate's stooping to slander his late sovereign on the air, not to mention the Anglican Commission on Christian Doctrine's strange reports on such matters as the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection and even (I am not joking) the Sacrament of Marriage.

Then let us return a moment to Mr. Jardine. He volunteered to marry the Duke of Windsor, and did so, because, in his own words, "he wished to give the man he revered and loved the blessing of Almighty God upon his wedding day." Consequently, he was forced out of a comfortable English living, and forced into Los Angeles, California. In 1937, the Bishop of Fulham wired him that "as Bishop having jurisdiction over Anglicans in France, I protest against your officiating without my consent." In this country, Mr. C. P. Morehouse, editor of the Anglo-Catholic *Living Church,* remarked: "All I can say is that if Mr. Jardine comes to America, the Church will regard him with much disfavor." It certainly has. Dr. Manning, Episcopal Bishop of New York, and his colleague of Long Island, "would oppose any invitation to preach in their sees." On the other hand, it would be onerous and without use to cite here the admiring letters and telegrams quoted by Mr. Jardine from soldiers, sailors, airmen, miners, chauffeurs, working men of every degree, several of them Catholics. We

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merely note in passing that there is an impressive silence on the part of bankers, politicians and clergymen of the Church of England.

The present writer yields to no one in his veneration for the Episcopal Church in this country. He was baptized at her font, and in one sense at least, he will never be unfaithful to his debt. Despite certain notable exceptions in high places, I do not believe one moment that she is the Church of Mr. Dives, Editor Tartuffe and the Rt. Rev. Pecksniff. We know that there are self-righteous and hard-hearted clerics in every Christian body; we dare say that, if one looked hard enough, they could be found among Buddhists and Moslems. Yet it is, surely, no tactical error which causes the churches to put forward the gentle Saviour, "meek and mild," rather than that petrifying Figure in the Gospels Who taunted the Pharisees with tithing anise and cummin (you can read "I protest against your officiating without my consent") and turned His eyes of stone upon the eternal Hypocrite.

Perhaps it is with relief that one turns, in conclusion, to the ex-King of England. Mr. Mackenzie has told the following anecdote, again repeated by Mr. Jardine: "In Belgium after the war, the then Prince of Wales visited a hospital wherein lay twenty-eight men torn to pieces in battle. Twenty-seven he greeted in turn. But he, remembering there were twenty-eight, asked to see him. They explained that this case was too ghastly. He was no more than a lump of ruined flesh. The Prince demanded to see him, and against what was left of that face he put his cheek."

Said the Bishop of Bradford in his celebrated sermon: "Some of us wish that the King gave more positive signs of his awareness of Divine Grace."

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Twilight of Civilization. Jacques Maritain. Sheed. $1.50.

THIS prophetic address by M. Maritain, delivered in Paris in February, 1939, has now happily been translated into vigorous English prose by Mr. Lionel Landry. Much has happened since 1939, to France and to the rest of the world, but nothing which has made the author's analysis of the causes of world disintegration inadequate or even inaccurate. "We are witnessing the liquidation of the world of Jean-Jacques Rousseau and bourgeois democracy," a false democracy in that it had, and still has, a false political philosophy based on a conception of man as merely an intelligent and self-determining animal, the whole of whose higher good is a pursuit of the things of this world. The organization of men and women, so convinced, under a system of free economy, resulted in such chaos as rendered its continuance impossible. Society had a chance either "to rediscover a sense of justice and heroism in the rediscovery of God" or else to go in for a totalitarianism which would transform the people "into immense throngs—illusioned, standardized, poisoned with hate and lies—of slaves who would believe themselves happy." It chose the latter.

Maritain sees clearly enough that against an enthusiastic totalitarianism a bourgeois democracy can never prevail, but only a spirit-dominated democracy wherein the citizens perceive that life is not lived by bread alone, or chiefly, but by a sense of values consistent with human dignity, with pursuit of truth, beauty, goodness, God. He sees, as do also the masters of Germany, Russia and Japan, that between Christianity and totalitarianism is an unending controversy. He sees, too, what many in the

"The Common Burden—"

"The present coal crisis": "The Durham and Northumberland Miners' Association have had the wit to build a number of homes for the old miners. It is probable that in the present crisis these homes are the most valuable asset of the miners. But what would have been the position if these miners of Northumberland and Durham had bought some of the rich land of Northumberland and Durham? Even at the rate of £50 (say $250) an acre, they could have had an estate of 4000 acres for £200,000 ($1,000,000). If that estate had been laid down for food-growing the present coal crisis would not have come to pass. . . ." (Spoken of the coal strike of 1926 in England.)

—Quoted from Father Vincent McNabb's OLD PRINCIPLES AND THE NEW ORDER. Price $2.75.

"Like a gherkin in vinegar": "No one has the right to consider himself exempt from suffering. No one may think it is unjust that he should suffer. That is because everyone has an absolute obligation to live—not merely to exist, not merely to pickle himself in piety like a gherkin in vinegar awaiting the Eternal Feast. He must live. That is to say, he must recognize himself as part of a whole. He must realize that, as the world's work and suffering are caused by our common debt to God, there is no one exempt from taking his share of the burden. This means that no one may shirk the life, the work, the love of the world."

—Quoted from Caryll Houselander's book: THIS WAR IS THE PASSION. Price $2.00.

"The man from Miscou": "The man from Miscou—we might be excused for asking whether he is a co-operator on the Antigonish plan, but this 'ready experimenter' is certainly a co-operator,—somewhat on his own lines it is true, but he has never once taken his eyes off the good of the people. . . . He counsels me to do as the men of Antigonish have done. 'Take five or six under a tree, on a Sunday afternoon, and discuss these things, to get people out of this set-up they are in.' . . . He is for . . . the people, but it does not occur to him to put the co-op into the hands of the people; he is a democrat, but not a reckless democrat. . . . 'They wanted chairs for the hall, and I stopped them when I saw they wanted loans to buy them. "An unproductive thing," I says, "and you could make them yourselves!" We bought wood instead and two or three boys made the chairs, and we sold some of them, too.' . . . Above all he is a hearty man, generous and unsuspicious. At supper we have blueberries, and he tells me to take more of them, for Dr. Morrisey said 'they're good medicine and to eat a lot of them, a bucket of them if you can.' . . . Then in a moment, 'Take another whack at that pot of tea.' He smokes cigars and drinks tea, but what he calls 'beer is coca cola.'"

—Quoted from Leo Ward's NOVA SCOTIA: Land of Co-operators. Price $2.50.

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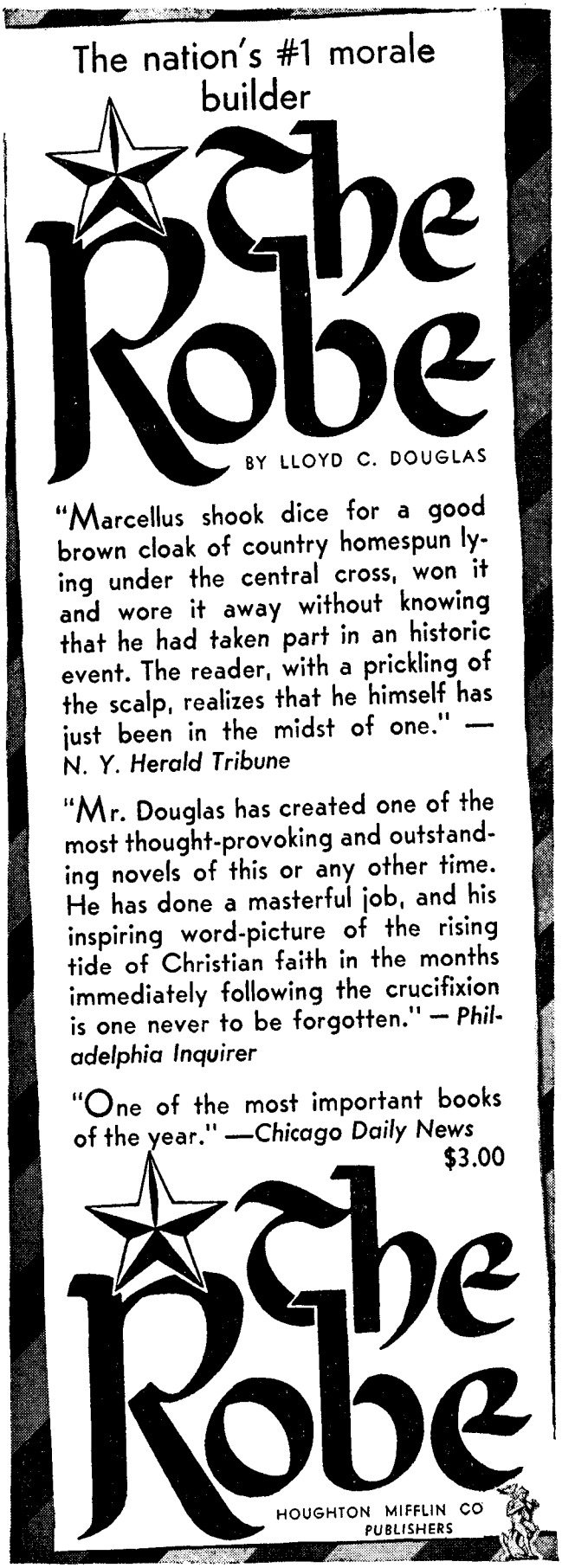
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allied countries do not see, that this controversy also exists between Christianity and bourgeois democracy; that the difference between bourgeois democracy and totalitarianism is simply that the former is more immature and the less efficient. Moreover, he perceives that in the bourgeois democracies, no matter who wins the war, there is grave danger that they will go on into totalitarianism; that such a development is certain unless in those countries there is a right about in respect to the primacy of non-material values. "The question now before us is whether the peoples of the countries which are still free . . . are capable of resisting the adulterations which threaten their very conscience from within."

That this book should be read goes without saying. It is a brief, competent, disturbing analysis of where the world is now and of whither contemporary man is tending. One wishes that Maritain were not quite so cheerful about it all. He apologizes for his title. The twilight, he says, is only preliminary to a night which ends in day. That of course is true; but one gets the impression, somehow, that Maritain thinks the recovery of sanity by man a matter of the near future. It may be so, as God sees time; but it is hard to see signs of a dawn coming in our life-time. Irreligious civilizations die slowly. Maritain in this book will lead many readers to a notion that ultimate optimism renders a proximate pessimism of small value; and even unjustified; and this despite his foreword, with its insistence that the necessary defeat of Germany and her allies is only a first step in the salvaging of civilization. The Axis defeated, there remain Russia, Britain, France, ourselves to deal with. Perhaps if the lecture had been written now, as the foreword was, instead of four years ago, it would have a somewhat different tone.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

Why Japan Is Strong. John Patric. Doubleday. $2.50.

THE second crop of Japanese war books since Pearl Harbor is notably better than the first. Writers are beginning to know what they are talking about and talk sensibly. This man walked over Japan, or traveled third class, slept in cheap native inns and lived among poor and unofficial Japanese. Consequently he learned to speak well enough to be understood by simple people. He liked many things about them and found no personal hatreds. He read good early writers and learned much. He writes pleasantly, accurately, instructively. He is quite clear about what he doesn't like, why he does not like it, and why war is now necessary, but still does not hate. He saw much, but not everything. He had good opportunity to see the Aryan Ainus, under the guidance of the famous octogenarian, Dr. Bachelor, but never saw the great secret naval base right next door to him. He met Hana Baelz, widow of the German doctor who changed the whole foundations of modern Japan. None of the current interpretative news writers have taken the trouble to do that. Japan was strong in frugality and laboriousness. Japan was weak in over-concentration on conquest rather than peaceful construction.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Life of Saint Teresa of Jesus. Newman Book Shop (Westminster, Maryland). $3.75.

THIS Christian classic, which provides guidance for the higher spiritual life, is now made generally available to the American public. It is not so much an autobiography as an account of the visions and experiences of Saint Teresa of Avila presented in orderly, analytical fashion.

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The Inner Forum

Radio School for Workers

THERE is no educational medium so completely wasted as the radio. With a view to correcting this situation, an enterprising little group at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, have put on a series of ten programs which they called "The Labor School of the Air," running from April 4 to June 6.

The programs ran over Station CJFX, which is a new station owned by the university, and the leader of the group was Father J. A. MacDonald, professor of labor economics, who was assisted by four or five members of his class. The most unusual thing about the program was the spade work that went into building up an audience long before the discusisons went on the air. For example, Father MacDonald organized 90 listening groups in one sweep through Cape Breton Island. Altogether there were 125 listening groups of approximately seven members each, mostly organized with the help of the Cooperative Educational Council, the Catholic Youth Council, and the district and local union officials.

Not content with organizing listening groups, Father MacDonald also prepared mimeographed material which he sent out to the leaders of each group several days before the weekly broadcast. The material included pre-broadcast questions, a summary of the program, and a series of review questions to stimulate an independent discussion by the group. There were also practical suggestions to the leader on how to conduct an effective discussion: no speech-making or conversation monopolies, start and finish on time, keep the discussion on the subject.

Some of the subjects covered by the broadcasts were What Labor Wants, History of Industrialism, Unemployment, Wages, Labor Unionism, Labor and Cooperatives, Labor and the Government. In the opening program Father MacDonald, leader of the radio discussion, expressed the purpose of the broadcasts as follows:

"This afternoon we begin a program designed to aid in some small way a group who work in mine and mill. This small beginning is the fulfillment of a dream of men who have felt that if there is somewhere knowledge that will help make democracy work, that knowledge should be shared with those who need it most."

CONTRIBUTORS

George N. SHUSTER, now President of Hunter College in New York City, was for ten years Managing Editor of THE COMMONWEAL. The paper published herein is taken from an address delivered before the recent convention of the Junior League.

Rabbi Philip S. BERNSTEIN is rabbi of Temple B'rith Kodesh in Rochester, N. Y. He is on leave of absence for the duration to serve as Executive Director of the Committee on Army and Navy Religious Activities of the National Jewish Welfare Board.

Mabel LA FARGE is the widow of the late Bancel LaFarge and a niece by marriage of Henry Adams. She has published "Letters to a Niece."

Thomas F. WOODLOCK is a contributing editor of the *Wall Street Journal* and author of "The Catholic Pattern."

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William Franklin SANDS was for many years in the American diplomatic service.

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—Ecclesiastical Review

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This is a superior piece of work in every way. The devoted life of the foundress of the Sisters of Charity, that French noblewoman who followed the direction of St. Vincent de Paul and by wholehearted application to the dirty work no one else thought to do became a Saint, is an edifying one, but it might have been prettified out of all reality. The present author, however, has given us not a panegyric but an objective, honest book, short, gracefully written, and learned in the historical background of the century of Richelieu, Mazarin and Sun King. *—The Columbia*

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